W M Pozer 1907

# Northern Messenger

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'Must say the 'Northern Messenger' is very po pular. I thing it ahead of all in its class.'—(MISS) KATIE COOPER, Chateauguay, Que.

## The Nobleman's Son.

In the city of Capernaum, there was once a nobleman who had a son very sick of fever. No medicine could cure him. His mother could watch and weep at the bedside of her suffering child, but she could not help him; his father would have given all he had to bring back health to his boy, but that is what money cannot buy. Then there was a report in the city that the Lord Jesus had returned from His journey to Jerusalem, and was again

in Cana. Cana was about twenty miles from Capernaum.

The nobleman had heard much of this remarkable Person, and he hoped He could help his son. The case was pressing, for the child was already at the point of death, and every moment was precious; he dared not risk sending the message by a servant, but resolved to go himself. That is the only way for the high as well as the low; if they want anything of the Lord Jesus, they must go and ask it themselves. The father made haste on his errand, and when he found Jesus he begged Him to come down and heal his son.

'You will not believe except you see signs and wonders,' said the Lord Jesus; for I suppose He saw that nothing but some sore affliction, or signal mercy, would lead this great man to become His true disciple.

'Sir,' cried the poor father with trembling anxiety, thinking of his sick boy, 'come down before my child dies.' For as yet he cannot conceive that a word spoken from a distance can cure his son; much less that Jesus could raise him up even from the dead. But the Lord Jesus did not go; he only sent His healing word:

'Go thy way,' He tenderly says to the agonized parent, 'thy son liveth.' And there was that in his manner which convinced the man that He had power to make good His word. Contented with that, he set out for home.

On the way he met his servants coming out to comfort him with the news of his child's recovery. 'What time did he begin to grow better?' asked the father. The servant told him, and he found it was the very time when the Lord Jesus spoke.

Do you not think that surprise and thankfulness filled that father's heart at the joyful tidings? Oh yes; and more than that, 'himself believed,' that is, he saw in the Lord Jesus the almighty and merciful Saviour, and he opened his heart to receive Him; more than that, 'himself believed, and his whole house;' and so it is pleasant to learn that the son, now glowing with health, did not forget the Giver of the blessing, and that he showed the sincerity of his gratitude by loving and serving his Saviour.

This family did not receive the blessings which Christ gives and then neglect or feel ashamed to acknowledge them. Though a rich and noble family, they confessed themselves the friends of Jesus, publicly embraced His cause, and threw their influence on the side of piety and truth.—'Friendly Greetings.'

## Washed Clean.

'I had a girl once named Mamie,' said the miner, softening, 'and she died. She cared for me. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she had lived. I have hated everybody since she died.' His heart having been opened with that memory of his child, he heard the story of Christ dying for us all, and then he wanted the other rough miners brought into his room to hear it. 'Boys,' he said, 'you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes. It carries off all the dirt and leaves the gold behind. Well, the blood of that man she tells about went right over me like that, and carried off bout everything, but it left enough for me to see Mamie and to see the man that died for me. Oh, boys, can't you love him?' Some day after, he died, leaving this word for the woman who had ministered to him, 'Tell her I am going to see Mamie and the man that died for me.'—Selected.

## Leaving Christ Out.

In the village of W—— was the home of a man who was honest in his dealings, but who took no interest in religious things. His business was absorbing; and as the Sabbaths came, he was disinclined for public service, preferring ease and quiet at home, and rather enjoying than otherwise his reputation as an unbeliever. In the midst of external prosperity and apparent health, a fatal disease suddenly appeared. One of his first movements was to send for the minister. 'Now, Mr. F——, if you can help me, I will be glad; for I am all uncertain as to the future; but I don't want to hear about Jesus Christ.'

The faithful servant of God quailed at first; but undertook the service upon the basis proposed. 'Well,' he said, 'I will talk with you to-night about the greatness of God.' His watchful hearer agreed to it, and listened attentively while the minister spoke of the wonders of creation; the beauties of nature; the telescope and microscope. The sick man was profoundly interested throughout the interview; and urged the minister to come on the following evening. As the good man entered the chamber on the next evening, he said, 'I will talk to you to-night about the goodness of God.' His hearer listened attentively; and, as the unnumbered mercies and blessings were made to pass before him, his mind was moved, and he exclaimed, 'It is all true.' And yet the name of Christ had not been alluded to.

At the next interview the minister said, 'We will talk to-night of the justice of God.' The sick man trembled with new and strange emotions as the awfulness of this attribute of Jehovah took possession of his mind; and as the skilful doctor drew the net tighter, his conviction of sin had become a power within him hitherto unknown. At the crisis when the face of the hearer indicated the alarm of the soul, as his sins stood in awful array before him, the minister arose to take his leave. 'You are not going now, Mr. F——, and leave me in this distress—can't you give me some comfort?'

'No,' said the minister, kindly, 'I cannot;

you have already forbidden my doing so.'

'What do you mean, sir?' said the distressed man.

'I mean that He whose name you will not hear, and whose love is so deep, is the only One in Heaven or in earth who can comfort and save you.'

The veil dropped from the eyes of the blinded man; he listened eagerly to the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer; joyfully accepted the terms of salvation, and lived seven months, testifying continually of God's great mercy in saving the chief of sinners.—'Herald of Mercy.'

## Inconsistency.

A celebrated missionary from India was coming to town, and Mr. G.—— invited his neighbor, who was an infidel, to accompany him to church. He declared himself ready to go, and they started together in good season in order to secure seats. By the time the service began every seat was taken, and the aisles were crowded with eager listeners.

The good missionary began by relating his experience among the benighted heathen. Then, in eloquent language, he pleaded his cause. 'The gospel of Jesus Christ, which you believe,' said he, 'is the only successful means for the civilization and Christianization of these poor souls, and it is your sacred duty to take an active part in a work in which every Christian must engage, if he wishes to be faithful to his Lord, whose command is, 'Preach the gospel to every creature.'

His appeal was so touching and so earnest that he held his audience spell-bound. Even the infidel became so thoroughly interested that he did not think of looking around until the missionary ceased speaking and the collection plate was passed from pew to pew.

While holding his contribution in readiness he glanced over the audience. Right in front of him were several ladies, elegantly attired and richly adorned with jewelry, who seemed to be wiping their eyes with handkerchiefs of costliest lace. With a visible degree of the deepest sympathy they each dropped a 5 cent piece into the plate. When the plate approached the neighbor who had invited him to go along, he could scarcely trust his eyes as he saw a similar piece drop in, after which the infidel deposited his gift.

On the way home, the infidel remarked to his neighbor: 'See here, my friend! If I believed what you profess to believe, I would have given at least a hundred times as much as you did.'

It was afterwards ascertained that the missionary went away disappointed with the meagre collection. Only one dollar note was reported, and the infidel recognized in it his own gift.—'Lutheran.'

## Religious Notes.

The evangelizing of Korea is one of the marvels of modern missions. For swiftness of progress it surpasses all records. The following report of a Presbyterian missionary, taken from the 'Assembly Herald,' is but a sample of the accounts that come from Korea:

'Late one afternoon in April, 1897, Mr. Baird and I arrived at Syen Chun. There was but one Christian in the town, and his home was in the outskirts, so we were forced to stop at an inn. The crowd soon assembled and gave a most warm reception, poking holes in the paper doors and windows and making life miserable for us until our lights were out for the night.

'On this first visit to Syen Chun only one believer and one interested inquirer, and no services until a few months later when the first believers gathered for worship under the trees on the hillside to avoid the ridicule of their neighbors. Now the population of the town is one-third Christian, and the upper end of the neighborhood of the church and the missionaries' residences is entirely so. In this end of the town on the Sabbath the shops are closed, the streets quiet, except just before and after services, when they are filled with people, and the sound even of farming when heard from a distance strikes one as strange. The Wednesday night prayer meeting is regarded as of almost equal importance with Sunday worship, and six to seven hundred men, women, and children gather regularly. To-day in Syen Chun and its immediate vicinity we have a congregation of considerably over 1,500, not to mention the ten other congregations that have been set off from the mother church. The pretty church, built in Korean style and seating 1,500, cost 6,000 yen ($3,000), but was put up almost entirely at their own expense.'

'The Board of Agency for Foreign Missions' in its report to the General Synod of the Associate Reformed Church of North America, at its meetings in New York, May 20th, 1857, said, in reference to work in Egypt: 'With regard to the mission at Cairo, we have nothing of much interest to report. As there is a considerable number of English residents and travellers in the city during most of the year, with a view to their benefit, a regular service has been kept up on the Sabbath. And in this way, our brethren have had the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to men of different nations. For the benefit of the natives, Mr. Barnett has from the first kept up a service in the Arabic language. And Mr. McCague has prosecuted the study of the language so successfully, that he is now prepared to take his part in this exercise. As yet the number of natives who attend upon this service is small, and it is not our privilege to report any instance of conversion.

That was 50 years ago. Not a convert! To-day there are 9,349 converts in Egypt, with a Protestant community of 35,058. Then there were no native workers; now there is a native force of 585, and the natives themselves contributed during the past year to the work of the United Presbyterian Church, a total of $145,117.—'The Missionary Review of the World.'

## Our Labrador Work.

LETTERS BY THE WAY.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Sunday among our fishermen is always kept as a day of rest, whether at sea or ashore, and indeed it comes no oftener than it is needed. For the men are worn out after six days' and nights' work, though it seems in a season like this, when fish are hard to find, the work is even more arduous. So till mid-day on Sunday there is hardly a move on board when the schooners are at anchor, and it would be quite a breach of the day's rest to rouse out a congregation for morning prayers. To us, however, rest comes in a chance to get off the Mission steamer for an hour, and get a walk ashore. The mere reaction of being on terra firma when one is cooped up aboard so long, seems to be an absolute rest. Especially when in these Northern regions one is in some wild natural harbor, where there are no human habitations and no trace of man's work. On the other hand, the problems that nature here presents, afford as striking a change of experience to the mind and are also, therefore, proportionately restful.

There being a high cliff last Sunday over by which we anchored, we started off early for a walk, expecting to be at the top, get an observation or two, and be back by dinner time. We soon found, however, that we had entirely misjudged the height of the cliffs, simply for lack of some object of familiar height to compare it with. At 1,000 feet we seemed to scarcely have begun, and at 2,000, though we had all we needed we were still climbing. Thinking we must be near our goal, we decided, however, to go on again. This involved crossing astride like a horse a sharp ridge with a thousand feet of almost precipitous rock on either side. To our immense surprise, a huge chasm yawned in front of us, and then another peak—the top of the mountain of which we had so arduously climbed a spur, towered up into the heavens—probably another 1,000 feet above us, and that did not appear consistent with the day of rest. It had been freezing the night before at Cape Chidley. Here, only one hundred miles south, it was so hot we not only had abandoned all spare clothing at the start, but found it necessary to bathe in the first lake on the way down. This being simply the tarn from some huge snow deposits above us, most successfully reduced the temperature in a short time. My London friend being inexperienced in mountaineering, had been somewhat tardy in his descent, and somewhat overcome by heat, took his bathe in a shallow and warmer rock basin alone. In the delicious reaction that set in he, however, forgot the mosquitoes that were following him. They were so far rewarded for their undesirable pertinacity, that he spent sections of the following night anointing his numerous wounds from a bottle labelled 'Strong Ammonia.' As old Whitburn naively said, 'God did certainly make them (mosquitoes), to stimulate the idle to work.'

We have now picked up again the sick we deposited on our way north, and are bound south with a full cargo. It is blowing a heavy N.E. breeze, and the dark fog-banks are whirling along behind us, as we push along to the south. On our starboard are the lofty Kinglaprit cliffs; the dog-toothed sierras of our north. At their feet are countless bergs and fragments of ice, which, borne on these sweeping seas from the Atlantic, are thundering into them with the force of battering rams, that no human erection could withstand. We have just passed a small fishing schooner with a heavy freight bound south. She was 'hove to' under double reef mainsail and staysail only, and it seemed as if she wished to speak to us. But she made no sign as we closed on her. There is, however, an intricate maze of absolutely uncharted, unmarked, and unlighted islands to the south of us, and even now we are threading our way through them under steam and canvas at a pace that would leave little of our bones if the helmsman mistook one passage for another. The little schooner evidently not knowing her way was waiting for a lead, and now is following in our wake.

It is ever so, though we do not always notice it, and do not, therefore, realize our responsibility. Others are surely following us. Will it not be our fault if they strike a reef?

Bah! the engineer has just reported the scum cock has given out. After all, there seems to be some risk of nervous prostration, even in Labrador.

W. T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

Dr. Grenfell keeps in constant touch with the progress of our fund for the new Harrington launch by means of the 'Witness,' and in a letter dated January 6, writes:—

'S. S. Portia,' of White Bay.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I have now on hand a friendless and moneyless girl of eighteen, with hip-joint disease, whom I am carrying to hospital as part of 'worshipping' God. My deer have just arrived all well, and plenty of moss, bearing milk to the babies, meat to the hungry and transport to all the needy. I hope all will enjoy helping others as much as I do. I can't persuade every one as practically as I would like, how the being able to do these things brings home the blessedness of giving rather than getting. I wish all the helpers that enduring happiness in the new year—the joy of 'helping some lame dog over a stile,' for the sake of the Master.

I am delighted about the launch prospect.

WILFRED GRENFELL.

## Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: A. M. Boosey, Embro, Ont., 95 cents; McDonald Corner W.C.T.U., $5.00; Excelsior S.S., Meaford, per Nina D. Dean, $1.00; Alex. McLaren, Melrose, $2.00; A Friend, No. Woburn, Mass., $5.00; Mrs. Shaw, Forestville, Ont., $1.00; Total.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. ..$ 14.95

Received for the cots: St. Andrew's S.S., Queensboro, Ont., $7.23; W. R. Atkinson, Virgil, $2.00; Mrs. Shaw, Windsor Forks, $2.00; Mrs. H. E. Quinn, Beebe Plain, P. Que. (in loving memory of Harold), $2.00.

Total.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. ..$ 13.23

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. .. .. .. .. ..$ 1,220.93

Total received up to Jan. 21.. ..$ 1,249.11

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether is is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1908.

## Jesus Heals the Nobleman's Son.

John iv., 43-54. Memory verses 49, 50.

### Golden Text.

The man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way. John iv., 50.

### Home Readings.

Monday, February 10.—John iv., 43-54.
Tuesday, February 11.—Matt. viii., 1-13.
Wednesday, February 12.—Mark v., 22-24, 35-43.
Thursday, February 13.—Luke iv., 38-44.
Friday, February 14.—Mark ii., 1-12.
Saturday, February 15.—Mark iii., 1-12.
Sunday, February 16.—Luke xiii., 11-22.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Have any of you ever been very ill? So ill that they thought at home you were going to die? You were Fred, were you not, that time you had croup so badly? I remember how your mother sat up all night long by your bed and would not leave you until at last the doctor said, 'He's all right now. The danger is over.' In our lesson to-day we learn about a little boy who lived long ago in a town named Capernaum when Jesus was here upon earth. His home was on the shores of a beautiful lake and his father was a Roman nobleman. He loved his boy very much, just as your fathers love you, and so when he came home one day and found his son was too ill to go out and play, he was very troubled. The little boy had fever and kept getting worse and worse, while none of the doctors could do anything for him. This nobleman had heard about Jesus and how he had healed and helped people down in the city of Jerusalem, and he heard too that Jesus was back again in Galilee, at the little village where he had performed his first great miracle. It was only about twenty miles away from Capernaum, but there were no trains or telegraphs then, and the country was very hilly. However, the father made up his mind that Jesus and only Jesus could help him, and he set out to find him. Ever so many people had heard about the miracles in Jerusalem, and the people were all the time hurrying round to see Jesus and see what he might be doing now. They were very proud of him, because he used to live in Galilee, he was one of their own people, so when the nobleman rode into Cana asking where he could find Jesus, he was soon brought to him. That is where our lesson starts to-day.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The lesson is distinctly a study in faith. Christ had paused on his journey for the two days in Samaria, and when he at last entered Galilee he found the whole land in a state of excitement. The people returning to their homes from the Feast of Passover had told of the many wonderful things that had happened there (John ii., 23) and what an impression this carpenter from Nazareth had made. Incredulous faces, expressions of surprise and ridicule would doubtless meet him among the crowds on the way. 'There must be some trick about this. What nonsense!' one man would remark to another, as he hurried along the road to catch sight of Jesus, 'Why, I was in the shop when staying in Nazareth last year with my brother and saw him at work. There was nothing more wonderful about him then you or I may claim.' 'Yes, absurd,' the other might reply. 'I went to school with him, and a quieter, more unobtrusive fellow you never knew. A general favorite, you know, but if Joseph had told him to hurry home, there was no coaxing him to stay behind for a game. That was the only remarkable thing about him' (Luke ii., 51, 52). It was doubtless the constant hearing of such remarks that caused the words of verse 44 (Matt. xiii., 53-58). The sensation he had created in Jerusalem, however, was sufficient to give him an excited reception on his return to Galilee. The deep eager faith of the Roman nobleman, however, must have touched Christ particularly in its contrast to the idle, incredulous curiosity of the crowds about him. It was almost as though Christ had half bitterly thought 'my thirty years of life here, in undeviating righteousness have been lost on these people, weighing nothing against the surprise of a moment's action. Even the Samaritans, whom I have just left, believed me for my words, for myself, but these people who have had the testimony of my life, count that all as nothing.' The call upon him for material benefits when the higher gift was the real mission drove him to express his disappointment on a later occasion (John vi., 26).

(SELECTIONS.)

If we think of faith as a belief in certain propositions we may not see the need of increasing our faith; but if we realize that the object of our faith is a Person, not a fact, and that our faith in God is a personal experience, we shall see that there must be progression in our faith. 'Faith is that act and habit of the mind by which the truth of God is brought in and made a part of one's very being; the act and habit of the mind, the heart, the soul, by which the facts concerning God are made realities.' 'Faith in Christ is first of all this: such as He was I want to be; His is the kind of life I want to live; His is the kind of character I want to possess. A man may believe what creed he will, and if this is not in his heart, he has not faith in Christ.'—Tarbell's 'Guide.'

A miracle is simply God's doing with his infinite power the same quality of action, though vastly greater in degree, that we do every hour when we exert our personal will amid the force of nature. I lift up a book, I turn on the water from the water-works, and make a shower on my parched lawn or garden. I stop a part of the machinery in the factory and rescue a child caught in its wheels.

If Jesus was divine they were as natural to him as any other act of his will. They were object-lessons in the spirit and the work of the Gospel, the principles of which he had been teaching. Every miracle is a visible picture before men of the character of God, of the nature of the gospel, of the loving-kindness of our Saviour, of his power to help, of the wonders of grace he can work in our hearts, of his power to deliver from the diseases of sin.—Peloubet's 'Notes.'

Professor Green in an article on miracles, thinks 'that miracles have been wrought only to authenticate the bearers of supernatural revelation, so when a revelation from heaven is really being given, the dull minds of men should be compelled to discern and attend to it by works so evidently due to divine power as to demonstrate that the speaker thus authenticated must bring a message directly from God himself!'

God's promises of answer to prayer never fail of their fulfilling; but man's hope of answers to his prayer beyond the promises of God are always liable to disappointment.—H. Clay Trumbull.

I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.—Jean Ingelow.

Help us to reach out past the things we cannot understand to the God we trust.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Mark ix., 23, 24; Phil. iv., 6; John v., 36; Psa. l., 15; II. Cor. v., 1; I. John v., 14; John xx., 29.

## Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, February 16.—Topic—Ministering to the prisoners and the poor. Matt. xxv., 31-46.

## C. E. Topic.

Monday, February 10.—The beginning of the talk. John iv., 7.

Tuesday, February 11.—A question and answer. John iv., 10-14.

Wednesday, February 12.—What Jesus said about God. John iv., 19-26.

Thursday, February 13.—A talk with His disciples. John iv., 31-38.

Friday, February 14.—Jesus and the Samaritans. John iv., 40-42.

Saturday, February 15.—Christ's work. John x., 25.

Sunday, February 16.—Topic—A talk by Jacob's well. John iv., 5-10.

## A Saving of Time.

The Rev. Wm. N. Brewster, writing in the 'Chinese Recorder,' gives some interesting illustrations of the success of what is called the Romanized form of the Chinese language, in marked contrast with the long delay under the old system. 'A year of careful study is scarcely sufficient to enable the ordinary convert to read with ease and pleasure a single page of the sermon on the mount in the classical language; a boy in ten days was able to do more reading on the Romanized plan than he would have in as many years on the other.'

## Milly's Review.

The older ones were getting ready for review Sunday. Milly, playing about the room, heard the word many times.

'What is a weview?' she asked. The others laughed, and Aunt Annie explained.

'It is looking back, dear, over what you have done, or learned, to see how much of it you can remember.'

'I want to make a weview.'

'Very well, review all this day. Look back over it and see what you have said and done. You can print the words on this sheet of paper. Look, I will mark the hours for you. Your day began at seven o'clock. Here are the figures, eight, nine, ten, down to five this evening. See if you can think of something for each hour.'

So Milly began. She worked hard for some time, Aunt Annie spelling all the words that were called for. At last the little girl dropped her pencil with a discouraged cry.

'Can't you do it, dear?' Aunt Annie asked.

'I don't want to!' she wailed; 'it is all full of uglies!'

Her aunt took the paper, and read like this:

7. I was cross being dressed.
'8. I broked my dolly.
9. It rained and I cried.
10. I slapped my other dolly.

The children laughed over Milly's review, but after a minute Aunt Annie wore a sober face and said with a little sigh, 'Poor darling, if we were reviewing our day as honestly as she tried to, I wonder how our papers would read?'—'Sunday School Messenger.'

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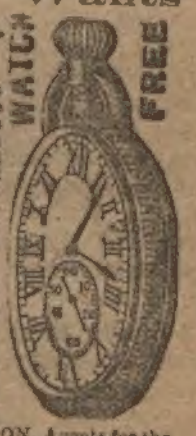


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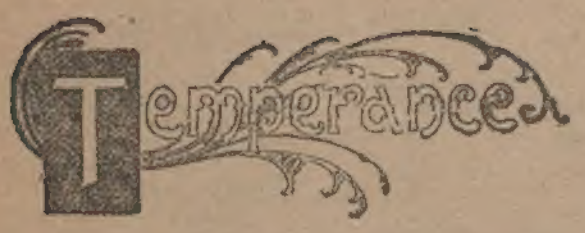


## The Little Public House.

I've heard, and so I'll tell you
A most effective plan,
To stop the drinking in our land,
And drive away its ban.
The plan, it is a patent plan,
Its aim it cannot miss;
Tis one that can be tried by all,
And just amounts to this:

There is a little drinking-place
Which, everyone can close,
And that's the little drinking-place
That's just below one's nose.

O what a happy land would be
This land in which we live,
If everyone would act upon
The hint which here I give;
To close the little drinking-place
That's just below one's nose;
Our country then would speedily
Be freed from half its woes.

Then mind this little drinking-place
Which everyone can close;
I mean that little drinking-place
That's just below one's nose.

And let us everyone resolve
To help the glorious cause,
By shutting up that drinking-place,
Nor wait for Acts or Laws,
It can be very quickly done
If everyone would close
Their little house, the drinking-place
That's just below one's nose.

Then mind that little drinking-place
If everyone would close
The famous little drinking-place
That's just below one's nose.
—J. O. Murdoch, in the 'Christian Leader.'

## Let it Alone.

[Edgar L. Vincent, in the 'S. S. Messenger.']

I'd like to, Bennie, and I will if father will let me, or will do it himself. You know he always wants me to tell him about it before I do anything.'

'All right, then, Merry. You'll have you're name with ours, sure. 'Cause he'll be glad to do it.'

Bennie went away, kicking up his heels, because they wanted Merry's name with theirs on the promise to keep clear forever and ever of everything that will make a boy or man stumble, and they knew Mr. Kent did sometimes stumble through strong drink.

But when Merry came to talk with his father about it, would you believe that he said harshly:

'No, Merry, you shan't do it, and I won't, either! We are not going to bind ourselves to do a thing like that. We will be our own bosses. We don't have to drink if we don't want to. We can let it alone. We will if we want to.'

'Well, I do, father. Don't you?'

The little boy stood there with his clear, frank eyes looking straight up into those of his father. Did he know about the times when father came home trembling, so sick that he could hardly find his way up the stairs? If he understood why it was he never said a word about it. For he was a good, kind father when he was his own master.

'I would leave anything alone that I was afraid of, Merry.' But the man's eyes were turned away, so that the little boy could not see just what was in them; but he could see enough so that he crept up to bed very far from being a merry lad that night. It was a lonely bed, too, for the mother had gone away a long time ago, and Mr. Kent stayed out so late!

It was all dark in the room that night when Merry heard a footstep slowly climbing the stairs. Then a hand fumbled on the latch, and a man half stumbled into the room. How well Merry knew who that man was! So many times he had heard the steps faltering along the dark way! So many times he had crept far away against the wall after his own father had undressed and come in by his side, for he grew sick at the strange smell that always came with father at such times!

This time father did not undress in the darkness. He felt about until he found a match and struck it. Though his eyes were turned away, the glare of the light startled Merry a moment later. It was so bright!

Springing up in bed, he saw that the match had come in contact with the curtain at the window, and that the cloth was burning clear up to the ceiling. By the bright light he saw his father sitting there, as if dazed, never moving a hand to put out the terrible flames.

Then Merry bounded out, and reaching up as high as he could, tore the blazing curtain from its place, and crumpling it up threw it into the stove, where it would not set anything else on fire. The flames played with the remnants of the curtain till the last fragment was gone, and then fell back into darkness.

Sitting in the dark, the father knew what his little boy had done, and reaching out he drew Merry to him, and held him fast in his arms. Merry put his little hands tightly about his father's neck, and whispered:

'Oh, father, I am so afraid of this! You said if there was anything you were afraid of you would leave it alone. Aren't you afraid of this?'

The grasp grew tighter about the little boy.

'Yes, I am, Merry! I do hate anything that makes my little boy afraid! I do! I do!'

'Then let's put our names down on the paper, father!'

'We'll do it in the morning, Merry.'

Then they crept into bed. Merry snuggling close up to the father, forgetting the one who used to be, and remembering only the father who now was, the father lost and found again.

## Jessie's Good-night.

'Good-night, papa.' They were the words of a blue-eyed child as she kissed her chubby hand, and looked down the stairs. 'Good-night, papa. Jessie see you in the morning.'

It came to be a regular thing, and every evening as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, 'Good-night, papa,' and as the father heard the silvery accents of the child, he would come and take the cherub in his arms, and kiss her tenderly while the mother's eyes filled and a swift prayer went up, for, strange to say, this man who loved his child with all the warmth of his nature, had one fault to mar his manliness. From his youth he had loved the wine-cup.

Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when summoned by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, and the future of his child shadowed.

There had been three years of the winsome prattle of the baby as she crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his home. But still the fatal cup was in his hand.

Alas for frail humanity.

How could this father be saved? His love for his child, though it deeply affected him, did not win him from drink. But God, with unutterable tenderness, could not see him perish. He knew how this father might be saved. Calling a swift messenger, he said, 'Speed thee to earth, and bring me the babe.'

'Good-night, papa,' sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice? Was it the echo of the mandate, 'Bring me the babe?' A silvery, plaintive sound, it was a lingering music that touched the father's heart as when the breeze touched the Aeolian harp.

'Good-night, my darling,' he said, but grew pale.

'Is Jessie sick, mother? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light.'

'Not sick? Oh, I hope not,' and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow. 'She may have played too much. Pet is not sick.'

'Jessie tired, mamma. Good-night, papa. Jessie see you in the morning.'

'That is all, she is only tired,' said the mother, as she took the small hand with another kiss, and the father turned away. But his heart was not satisfied.

Sweet lullabys were sung, but Jessie was restless and could not sleep.

'Tell me a story, mamma,' and the mother talked of the Blessed Babe that Mary cradled, following along the story until he had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide eyes filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew.

That night the father did not visit the saloon. He tossed on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over the crib as the long, weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth. Jessie was smitten with the fever.

'Keep her quiet,' the doctor said. 'A few days of good nursing, and she will be all right.'

The words were easy said, but the father saw a look on the sweet face such as he had never seen before. He knew the messenger was at the door.

Night came. 'Jessie is sick, can't say good-night, papa,' and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand.

'O God, spare her, I cannot bear it,' was wrung from his suffering heart.

Days passed, and the mother was tireless in watching with her babe cradled in her arms. Her heart was slow to take the truth. She did her best to solace the father's heart. 'A light case. The doctor says pet will soon be well,' she said.

Calmly as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes, even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of his manhood cried, 'Spare her, O God, spare my child, and I will follow thee.'

With a last painful effort the parched lips opened, and the little one said, 'Jessie's too sick, can't say good-night, papa.'

In the morning there was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relapsed their hold.

The messenger had taken the child.

Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by her father's couch. Her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in the closet. Her boots, with the print of the feet as she last wore them, are as sacred in his eyes as in the mother's. He thinks of her as not dead, but merely risen to a higher life, while rounding down from the upper stairs he seems to hear the words, 'Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning'—angel words that have been the means at last of winning to a better way, one who had shown himself dead to every former call.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'


### A BUSINESS PROPOSITION FOR BOYS.

That wide awake boys are really getting good business training and experience and making a profitable thing for themselves in every way, by selling the "Canadian Pictorial" is well shown by the following letter:—

M.——, Ont.
January 16, 1908.

To John Dougall & Son,

Dear Sir:—

Received your Pictorials—all sold. That makes me twenty-five Pictorials with the seven copies that I received today. It is the best paper that I have ever tried to sell and I have handled a few too. I want to thank you for the agency of the "Canadian Pictorial" and I want to tell you that it is the best paper for the money that I have ever handled. I am going away for a while, and when I come back I will take up the agency on cash commission for you. People have told me that I should keep the agency, for it is a good paper.

Please send me now the watch and chain.

Your earnest agent,
Raymond Pulver.

Lots of room for other boys.—See advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

# Correspondence

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live in a village and have much fun coasting and skating. I like to skate very much and we live near the river. I am 10 years old and have one brother and two sisters all younger than myself. We had a Christmas tree for our Sunday School and we all took part in the programme. I was in all the songs. I spent my summer vacation in Arnprior with my little chum, Kathleen, that used to live here. We both had a pleasant time.

RITA McLEOD.

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F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is winter now and we have lots of fun sliding and skating. I am eight years old. My papa owns a cheese factory and creamery. My papa goes to hunt every year, and brings home deer, rabbits and foxes. I go to fish in the summer, and spend my summer vacation at grandfather's, where I learn to drive. I was away on a trip with my mama to visit one of my aunts in Olivet, Mich, last fall and had a lovely time playing with my cousins, Ethel and Phyllis. I am a lucky boy. I do have lots of fun.

WILLIE McL.

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N. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the 'Messenger.' I am a little boy and I go two miles to school. We have two teachers, one upstairs and one downstairs. We had a Christmas tree the last day of school, and we had one at home and one for the Sunday School.

GEORGE SWARTZ.

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G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am fourteen years old, and have one brother, but no sisters. I live on a farm which is fourteen miles from the nearest railway station. I am very fond of fishing, and the last fish I caught weighed seven pounds. We had a Christmas tree in our school at Christmas, and I had a fine time. I passed the entrance examination in 1906, and have been taking up high school work since, but I am not going to school now.

J. G. MATTHIE.

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M. V., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I don't know if I am right or not, but I think the answer to Maxwell Robertson's riddle, November 29th, 1907, 'Always at the head of fashion, yet out of date,' is the letter F, is it, Mr. Editor? I will now ask some riddles which I hope have not been asked before: 1. There is a girl that works in a candy store in Boston who is 6 feet 6 inches high, has a waist measure of 42 inches and wears a number nine shoe. What does she weigh? 2. Why is a bashful lover like nice corn? 3. When does a farmer behave rudely to his corn? 4. What is the difference between a dog's tail and a rich man? Well I guess I will close with best wishes to the 'Messenger.'

LILA ACORN.

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E., Man.

Dear Editor,—When reading the letters from the other boys and girls I have often felt as though I would like to write you a letter myself. Not having any brother or sister, my playmates are my dog and cats. My dog's name is 'Hero,' and in the winter time he will sit on my sleigh and let me draw him around on the snow, but he will not draw me. Then in the summer time he will sit on the teeter, while I sit on the other end and send him up quite high, and he will also sit in the hammock while I swing him as high as I can. My cat's name is Tabby, and she is a very wise old mother. One very hot summer morning she, with her family of kitties, was in a box at the sunny side of the house. I thought the sun was too hot for the kitties, so I put an umbrella over them. Then I went into the house and presently the old mother cat came in mewing piteously. I went out with her and found the umbrella away across the yard, where the wind had left it. When I brought it back and put it up she was quite satisfied, purring her thanks.

IRMA L. WOOD (aged 11).

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D., N.B.

Dear Editor,—Dorchester is a very pretty place. The Maritime Penitentiary is situated here and it is nice to go through it. My father is a sea captain and is now on his way to Hong Kong, China. I have two brothers, but no sisters. I like driving and spend much time at it.

MINA P.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Mina.—Ed.]

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A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live only a short distance from Niagara Falls and go there quite often in summer. The scenery is very pretty. I am an only daughter, but do not get so very lonesome. I do not go to school, but did until about a year ago. I expect to go to college when I am a little older.

JESSIE WARNER.

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OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A County Scene.' Margaret Millar (age 12), Toronto.
2. 'Doesn't He Want Shaving.' Norman Ward (age 9), H., Ont.
3. 'Boy and Colt.' Russell Wood (age 8), A., Ont.
4. 'A Train.' Roland Brown (age 8), H., Ont.
5. 'Teddy Bear.' James Gilmour (age 10), W., Ont.
6. 'A Watch.' Gladys Berry, P., Man.
7. 'War Ship.' Charlie Chestnut (age 9), S., N.B.
8. 'A Clock.' Chas W. Mooney, L., P. Que.
9. 'Our Pet.' Johnnie Burpee (age 6), N., N.B.
10. 'Our School-house.' George C. Fraser, C., N.B.
11. 'Wolf.' L. Moore, B.M., Ont.
12. 'Peacock.' Hazel S. Murrell (age 9), C. H., Ont.
13. 'Goat.' Garnet Felker (age 9), H., Ont.

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OTHER LETTERS.

Elwin R. Burgess, P., Ont., has lots of fun on Saturdays skating, hunting or playing hockey.'

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Hazel Murrell, C.H., Ont., says 'we have sold our farm and will be moving in the spring.' Going West, Hazel?

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Louise K., C., Ont., has two miles and a half to walk to school, but generally gets driven in the winter. You ought to be able to train your dog well, Louise, if you have him so long.

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Rut E. Young, C., Ont., sends this riddle: I have a fine turkey; she cost a fine price, no man can guide her, save he who is wise. She has legs on her body, but walks upon none, and yet she obtains her food far from home.

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Margaret Campbell, F., Ont., gives an answer to a riddle asked, but it has been since printed. Your riddles have also been given before, Margaret.

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Margaret Millar, Toronto, asks 'Why are hay and straw like spectacles?'

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Madeleine McMorran, L., Ont., gives another answer to that riddle 'When are little girls like windows?' She thinks it is 'when they have pains.'

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Hauldane Robertson, O., Ont., sends a drawing which will be in shortly. Sorry the other did not reach us, Hauldane.

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Johnnie W. Burpee, N., N.B., has been having some extra holidays, as the school-house is being repaired. Your riddles have been asked before, Johnnie.

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Gladys Berry, P., Man., was a very fortunate little girl at Christmas, by the list of her presents. She does not 'like geography, nor drawing maps.' That's a pity, Gladys, geography should be very interesting.

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Marion Eunice Cox, S.M., P. Que., has a brother and sister, twins, four years old.

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Little letters also came from Mable Lang, P. Man., and Norman H. Duckworth, S., Ont

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# CANADIAN PICTORIAL
## NEXT COMPETITION.

Eleven Prizes, and everyone of them extras above all premiums and commissions earned.

Our next competition will cover the total sales of January, February and March, and if you did not start with the January number, it will not matter, for you can easily make up for a late start by a little extra push.

NEXT COMPETITION.
Eleven Prizes.

This time we will give TWO FIRST PRIZES—one to boys in cities and large towns, one to boys in small towns and villages, and the prize will in each case be a genuine Waterman Fountain Pen. We will have patent ball clip attached to prevent losing it from vest pocket and we will send the style of nib best suited to your handwriting. This is a pen for a lifetime. No need to enlarge on it. Every one knows that 'If it's a Waterman, it's A 1.'

Besides the two first prizes we will give a nice book to the one heading the list in each of the nine provinces, exclusive of the boys winning the pens. Who will be the successful ones this time? If you have never tried yet, send in for a package of this month's splendid issue to start on, with full instructions, premium list, etc. We give every order careful and prompt attention.

Address John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal. Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Afterwhile.

Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler to his friends—
To walk with them in the hush
On still evenings, o'er the plush
Of home-leading fields and stand
Long at parting, hand in hand:
One, in time, will joy to take
New resolves for some one's sake,
And wear then the look that lies
Clear and pure in other eyes—
He will smoothe and reconcile
His own conscience—afterwhile.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## Her Tenth.

Lovice James had just begun to study fractions, and so when the minister spoke often of 'a tenth' in his sermon one Sunday morning, Lovice listened with unusual attention. What he said about a tenth set the little girl to thinking. The next morning she sat in the hammock in the vine-covered corner of the porch, sheltered from the softly-falling rain. She had a book in her lap, but she was thinking, not reading. Lovice was ten years old, and every Monday morning her father gave her ten cents for her week's allowance, to be spent as she pleased. The James children all had been brought up on the plan of having for spending money as many pennies a week as they were years old. As each birthday came round they were very happy over the thought of their 'raise' of one more penny a week.

Lovice's ten cents was usually gone by Saturday afternoon, and Mr. James always gave her a penny for Sunday School; but after what the minister had said about giving at least a tenth of our money to the Lord, she had decided that she ought to take her Sunday School penny out of her ten cents, for that was a tenth. She had made up her mind to keep a nice little record of what she did with her money, so, after thinking it over, she went and brought her little memorandum-book and wrote four headings, each at the top of a new page. The first was 'Sunday School;' the next 'Saved;' then 'Spent foolishly;' and, last of all, 'Spent when you have to spend.' The last heading was so long it took up two whole lines. She didn't know just how older people kept their accounts, so she had to make up a way. That night, just before bed-time, she showed Mr. James her book. 'And, father, I'm going to give a tenth to the Lord,' she added, 'and you will not need to give my Sunday School penny any more.'

'That's right, daughter,' answered her father; but he could not help smiling at the headings in her book.

The next Saturday afternoon Lovice sat once more in the hammock, this time with her account-book in her hand. It did not rain now, but was clear and sunny, and the bright sunshine through the vines made a golden network on the floor of the porch. Lovice looked carefully over her record. The pages headed 'Saved' and 'Sunday School' were empty. On the last was written, 'One cent for a sponge and one cent for a soapstone pencil.' Lovice could have bought two slate-pencils for a cent, but they were the scratchy kind, and she liked the soapstone best. The third page troubled her most. 'Two cents for lickerish' and 'One cent for lozinjers' six times!' All her money was gone, and there wasn't any tenth left! Those lozenges were so tempting in the tiny window of the school store, each rolled in paper of different colors, and each with a different flavor. Lovice liked the sassafras best, all wrapped in pink. Each roll had a little printed slip in it with your fortune on it. Lovice was considered quite a good speller in the schoolroom, but she never had had any such words as 'lozenges' and 'licorice' in her spelling lesson, and she had to spell them as best she could. It was a very sober-faced little girl who asked her father the next morning for a penny for Sunday School, and explained that her pennies were all gone. 'You must lay aside your tenth first, Lovice,' said her father, 'or you never will do it at all.'

On her way to school the next morning, Lovice stopped at the little school-store and asked for an empty spool-box. At noon when she reached home she wrote on it, 'One Tenth,' put a penny in it, and hid it safely away in the top bureau drawer. All during the week, as one by one she handed the rest of her pennies over the school-store counter to the plump little German woman, she thought of the tenth laid away, and it made her happy. When the next Sunday came, there it was in the spool-box, waiting to be carried to Sunday School. 'I'm glad I put it there first thing, father,' she said. 'It's a much better way.'

When Lovice grew older and had more money, she kept on giving, but she changed the fraction to a ninth, and then an eighth, and kept on giving more and more, for she found it one of the very happiest things in all the world to give her money to the Lord. And she always felt glad that she began when such a little girl to law aside the tenth first.

—'Canadian Churchman.'

## The One-stringed Fiddle.

(Thomas K. Beecher, in 'In Time with the Stars.')

'Hello! Here's father's old fiddle, to be sure.'

We were up in the garret. What is a house good for without a garret? What is a garret good for unless it has old things in it? What are old things good for unless you can go and rummage them, and 'O!' and 'Ah!' about them, when it comes a rainy day?

'Well, well, here's the old fiddle. Many's the time you have played "Merrily, O!" and "Hunter's Chorus," and "Pompey Duck-legs." I'd been wondering what had become of you, and here you are. Well, well.'

By this time the fiddle woke up and began to want things.

'"Merrily, O!" Play "Merrily, O!" Play on me! Make me laugh! I want something. I ain't happy.'

'But,' said I, 'you are not ready to be played on. You have but one string, and that is a G string, green and good for nothing. There is no "Merrily, O!" in you, and I can't get it out.'

'Yah!' yelled the fiddle, 'I don't like it. I don't want to be waked up. I want to be happy. Play on me. Make me merry.'

'I tell you I can't play on you. You haven't strings enough. The string you have won't bear tuning.'

'Yah!' said the fiddle, like a cross baby.

So I set the fiddle up on the button of its tailpiece, and put the bridge in place, and the G string, and, as near as I could guess without a tuning-fork, began to strain it up. Throom, throme, thrum, thram. And when it made a little noise something like music, I put the fiddle under my chin and took the old bow and sawed away on the G string, playing a slow tune with five notes in it.

The fiddle was pleased, and said, 'Do so some more.'

So I played it again and again, just as you whistle to a baby to amuse it, or tell stories to little boys.

By and by the fiddle snarled out: 'I'm tired of that tune. Play something else.'

'But I can't play much on one string,' I said. 'If you will have two strings, I will play six tunes; but on one string I can't play much.'

'Well, I want six tunes,' said the fiddle.

'Very well, when you have two strings, you can have six tunes; and with three strings sixty, and with four strings six thousand—all the tunes in the world. But you are nothing but a poor, one-stringed fiddle now. I can't do much with you unless you have more strings.'

'Well, I want some more strings,' said the fiddle.

At that I put the fiddle back into the barrel and went down-stairs.

'What was that noise up in the garret?' asked the children.

'O,' said I, 'I was playing on father's old, one-stringed fiddle.'

'Where is it? Bring it down,' they said.

So I told my boy where it was, and let him bring it down. And I heard the fiddle say: 'Now this is something like. I shall see something of life. Now I'll have a good time.'

And as it came into the warm parlor, it made a noise on its one string like the purring of a cat. The fiddle was contented for as much as a minute, and lay on its back on the table, looking round with its four black pegs of eyes on each side of its throat, and really seemed quiet and satisfied.

I talked with the children about the tunes that the old fiddle had played, and as long as I talked about it the fiddle purred. Then I played the five-note tune for the children, and they said:

'Is that all?'

Then a young lady sat down at my piano and played a splendid march. And the fiddle stopped purring and tried to twist off behind a pile of books out of sight, and said:

'Play on me. Make noises on me like that.

'Why, I can't,' said I. 'Just see!'

So I opened the piano and showed the discontented fiddle more than two hundred strings in the piano, and more than eighty hammers to strike these strings. 'You haven't strings enough to sound like the piano. You can't be a piano, if you try.'

'Well, what can I be?'

'Only a fiddle.'

'Am I a fiddle now?'

'Not much! You have but one string, and that the lowest, the G string. You need a D string and an A string and an E string; and when I have time I will get them for you. But nobody can make much out of you as long as you have but one string.'

'Well,' said the fiddle, 'if I can't be a piano, I don't want to be anything.'

And snap went the old rusty, rotten G string, and down fell the bridge, and there lay the fiddle, like a sulky boy that has just thrown his book into the corner, and doesn't want to be a man.

'Well,' said I, 'some of the finest music in the world I have heard from violins. For when a fiddle has grown up, and has four strings and behaves itself, we call it a violin. One string is better than nothing; but if you choose to lie there, I can't do anything for you. Here, my son, take it up to the garret again, and put it in the barrel.'

As they went up the stairs, the sound-post got loose and rattled round in the bowels of the fiddle: 'I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!' And so the fiddle went upstairs and was forgotten.

'Mamma, what shall I do? I don't know what to do.'

'Don't you want something to eat?'

'No, I don't.'

'Well, do you want to play marbles?'

'I can't play marbles.'

'Well, here, take this towel, and learn to sew, and I will give you two cents if you hem the towel.'

'I don't want to sew. I ain't a girl.'

'Well, what do you want to do?'

'I want to do something. What shall I do?'

Then mamma burst out laughing, and said: 'You are nothing but a one-stringed fiddle, and we shall have to put you in the barrel, upstairs in the garret, unless you get more strings to your fiddle. The only things you like to do are to eat and sleep; and when you have eaten yourself full you don't want anything except something more to taste good. Now, you would better get some more strings to your fiddle.'

And the boy opened his big eyes and said: 'Strings to my fiddle? I wished I had 'em.'

'Well,' said mamma, 'reading is one string. When people have learned to read, they can enjoy hours and days and weeks and years, and have gentle music every minute, and be just as happy as the days are long. Work is another string. If you learn to be a carpenter, or a mason, or a machinist, or a cabinet-maker, and learn to do your work well, it will keep you contented as long as you live. Drawing is another string. If you learn to draw well with a pencil or with a pen, you can go through life and see pictures all day and draw them all night. Writing is another string. Sewing is another string, cooking is another, and making garden is another. Every time you learn to do anything, and

learn to do it well, it is one more string to your fiddle. And when you have as many strings as a piano, you will have a new tune for every hour in the day. But if you have but one string, a G string—a glutton string—you will soon get through that tune, and there is no place for you except the barrel up in the garret. 'The more you can do, the happier you will be.' 'For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance. But from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.' Snap! goes his one string, and off goes the fiddle to be thrown among the rubbish. 'I don't care! I don't care!' Yes, but he does care. For it is better to be a violin, full of all music, than a one-stringed fiddle, thrown away and forgotten.

## Billy.

(By Sallie Campbell.)

One day Billy was a stranger—at the end of a week he was as much at home as any boy on the street.

'We are glad he came,' Teddy Farr said. 'We like him.'

And the other boys said pretty much the same thing.

'Why is this Billy such a favorite?' Mr. Farr asked Mrs. Farr.

'I don't know yet,' said Mrs. Farr. 'I am watching to find out.'

When three more weeks had passed, she thought that she knew.

A group of boys were out in front of her gate one afternoon, and she heard one of them say:

'Pshaw! What can we play? I wish the snow hadn't all gone into mud.'

'We had just finished out fort,' said another, and were ready to begin. But it washed down in the night.'

'Anyway, we had fun making it,' said Billy. 'Let's not waste the whole afternoon. Let's start and play something that doesn't need snow.'

When Mrs. Farr looked again they were sailing ships down the gutter and discovered the Mississippi with great excitement.

Another time Teddy had to go on an errand and asked the others to keep him company.

'Oh, we can't!' objected somebody. 'We've got it all planned to walk out in the other direction and see the place where the fire was last night.'

'Why wouldn't it do,' said Billy, 'to go with Teddy first? We needn't come all the way back, need we? There ought to be some short cuts, I should think.'

Well, when they had put their heads together, they remembered that there were.

Then there was the day when Joe Hall lost his arithmetic. Joe and Billy were the best in the school in arithmetic. Joe hated to miss any of his lessons.

'Never mind,' said Billy. 'My book will do for both until yours turns up. We are pretty quick at it, you know. We can manage.'

When the mud froze hard and the snow came again, and the boys brought out their new sleds to go coasting, Billy appeared with the funniest home-made one that was ever seen.

'It isn't very pretty,' he said cheerfully when the others were trying to be polite, and look as if they saw nothing different in it. 'But it will do. When you go scudding downhill on it the feeling is just the same.'

'If,' said Teddy, during a rainy recess, 'Will Prichard had only come to school today, we would try that new game he was telling us about.'

'Let's try it anyway,' said Billy. 'We can play all we remember and make up the rest. That will do until we can get the real thing.'

On one sad afternoon, when they were having a game of ball in the schoolyard, Billy broke a cellar window.

After a crash there was a pause of dismay.

'We must have kept getting nearer to the house without noticing it,' said Billy.

'How would it do,' suggested Joe, 'to be quiet until we are asked about it? Maybe Mr. Nevin will think that the street boys did it. They broke one.'

'It wouldn't do at all,' said Billy, quickly. 'It wouldn't be fair.'

He told Mr. Mervin, and paid for the pane, and afttr that he was short of money for some time; for Billy was poor.

After the three weeks, Mrs. Farr said to Mr. Farr:

'I think I know why the boys like Billy.'

'Why?'

'Because he has a delightful habit of getting the best for himself and his friends out of what he has at hand. He makes things "do"—except the things that won't do at all. I like Billy myself,' she said, smiling.'—Selected.

## How Marion Conquered.

'I declare, it's just too mean for anything.'

Leone's usually pale face bore two bright red spots, one on either cheek, as her eyes, bright and defiant, gazed after the retreating figure of her crippled father. It seemed almost incongruous, this beautiful spring day, that any one could feel otherwise than happy. To be sure, in Bowling alley, all the beauty one could see was in the shifting feathery clouds and the green trees, for no grass grew here, and only occasionally a little yellow dandelion lifted its golden face skyward.

'I declare,' began Leone again, but granny said cheerily:

'Now, dearie, I wouldn't "declare" any more, if I were you; I'd simply leave it to—'

'Granny, you don't need to say one word about that. If He cared, do you suppose papa would have to beg?'

The flushed young face looked earnestly at granny's troubled one, then, with a bitter smile, but quivering lips, she went for the pail and mop.

The little cottage was clean, but one by one the articles had entered the pawn shop and had never returned. How Leone's mind surged with the thoughts of better days, as she bent low over the floor her young arms were trying their best to clean. And the tender, angel-faced mother whom Leone had not forgotten, rose before her; then the awful accident to her father that reduced them to penury. That father, with a little old, cracked hand-organ (a 'hurdy-gurdy'), daily wended his way to a down town street and gathered the pennies he was too disabled to earn. His pride was almost gone; and today, with all the singing birds and blithesome sounds, no answering song of hope was awakened in his heart. The street was thronged. Bright faces, happy faces, careless and gay, some pensive and some sad, passed by, and occasionally the little tin cup would ring with a copper coin.

'There seems to be something lacking. I can't tell exactly what it is, however,' said Marion Graves, tall, stately, fair-haired, blue-eyed Marion, and she smiled half sadly as she joined her friend Claire for a downtown recreation.

'With you?' Claire looked up round-eyed with astonishment. 'That's imagination, Mae.'

'It certainly does take an abundance of imagination to construe the piercing sounds of that hurdy-gurdy into music,' answered Marion. Her lips were smiling; then suddenly, as the crippled form of the organ-grinder became more clearly defined, the color left her face.

'I haven't got any pennies,' said Claire. 'Guess he'll have to wait till next time.'

'Indecision, my old fault,' murmured Marion; then, 'I cannot. O why did I think of it?'

When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'
'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.'

The lines would come now with persistent force.

'Wait for me, Claire,' said Marion. She quietly stepped from her friend's side to that of the cripple and whispered a few words. Then in a cracked high key the organ began playing 'Rock of Ages,' and a sweet, clear, girlish voice rose on the breeze. First tremulous and low, then louder grew the song:

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,

Somehow the shop windows lost their attraction, and one by one the people stopped and gazed at the 'odd spectacle,' as wealthy Mrs. Lee expressed it, of a girl of Marion's social position taking the unheard-of stand she did. But the sweet voice did not falter, and tears were in many people's eyes as the last verse died away. Then, taking a coin from her own purse, the brave girl dropped it in the cup with a smile and a blessing. That tin cup, so long empty, was nearly filled now, the natural consequence of that novel act. Impulsive Claire at once entered a store, hastily changed her money and dropped a generous amount in that tin cup.

'O, I've been selfish. If she could get up there and sing like that, I can give a few pennies.' And Susie Lake, poor and despondent as she was, dropped her mite into the organ-grinder's cup. The little seamstress went away realizing fully now that in service there is love, and in love there is great joy.

And all this while the cripple sat, with tears streaming down his face, and stammering blessings on all who came that way.

'There is nothing lacking now, Marion, I'm sure,' and Claire slipped her arm around the waist of her friend that same evening.

'O, Claire, I don't believe the sky ever looked so beautiful, and everything seem so full of perfect harmony as to-night. I'm so happy. Only think, mamma and Mrs. Ray happened to be there this afternoon. They found out the address I was too stupid to get. That poor man lives in a miserable place, with his little girl, who is only eleven, and his wife's mother. The place was clean, but oh, so very, very poor. Lenoe, the little girl—but I've got the cart before the horse this time, I guess. The whole family are to live in a cosy little flat in S—— street, and Mr. Ray can give light employment to the father. The grandmother will keep house and Leone will go to school.'

'What a revolution. Have you seen the little girl?'

'Yes, and she is very bright and lovable, but also very independent. It is hard work to persuade her that she would do far better after she had learned something well. I think she will take a course in stenography and work two hours daily for papa until she completes her education and secures a position as teacher.'

'And you—you have done all this.' There was a touch of awe and a tone of wonder in Claire's voice, but she was caught suddenly and whirled around a couple of times by a pair of strong young arms.

'I? O, no, Claire, but,' and in a tone reverently sweet, Marion added softly, 'Christ who liveth in me.'

'You were right, granny mine,' said Leone, stealing softly up and putting her arm around her grandmother's neck. 'You were right and I was wrong. God does care, and we are all so glad.'

'My little girl won't need to be ashamed of her old papa now,' and a new ring was in the deep voice of her father as he said it.

'Ashamed?' and tossing the golden curls from her face with a happy laugh, she said: 'We'll all work together now, and O, papa, I will deserve it. Everyone was so kind.'

And any one looking down into the beautiful deep brown eyes and at the sweet, firm mouth of the child of Bowling alley would say she did deserve it.

'God bless our home,' murmured granny, with a new tenderness in her voice. And the sun, who had watched the whole performance, retired behind some fairy clouds, to shine with redoubled brilliancy the next day, for his heart was unusually warm.—The Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

## A Trusty Boy.

A few years ago, a large drug firm in New York advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, and among them came a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by his aunt, in place of the faithless parents by whom he had been abandoned.

Looking at this little waif the merchant in the store promptly said: 'Can't take him; places all full; besides, he is too small.'

'I know he is small,' said the woman; 'but he is willing and faithful.'

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which

made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm remarked that 'he did not see what they could do with such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider.'

But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and found the youth busy cutting out labels.

'What are you doing?' said he; 'I did not tell you to work at night.'

'I know you did not tell me so, sir; but I thought I might as well be doing something.'

In the morning the cashier had orders to 'double that boy's wages, for he is willing.'

Only a few weeks passed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all the folk in the store rushed out to see the spectacle. A thief saw his chance and entered at a side-door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle he was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others had quitted their work, the reply was, 'You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay.'

Orders were immediately given once more: 'Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful.' In 1870 that boy had become a partner in the establishment.

## Sobha.

(A Story by Mrs. Kareem Khan, in the 'Indian Ladies' Magazine.')

Once upon a time, in a forgotten corner of Hindustan, there lived an honest dhobi who used to wash for the kotwal and other bigwigs of the place. Now it so happened that the kotwal's servant, calling early one morning for his master's wash, found the dhobi seated on the threshold of his little cottage, clean shaven—sans hair, sans eyebrows, sans moustaches and sans whiskers, casting ashes on his head.

'What ails you, my friend, that I see you in such deep mourning?' asked the servant distressed to see him in this condition.

'Don't you know what has happened?' replied the dhobi. 'Why, Sobha is dead and we shall never see his like again.'

'Alas! is Sobha dead?' exclaimed the servant and forthwith repaired to a barber and had a clean shave, and in that state made his appearance before his master—'What has happened?' enquired the kotwal 'that you have put yourself in deep mourning?'

'Alas! Sobha is dead' replied the servant, 'and we shall never see his like again.'

'Is Sobha gone then?' exclaimed the kotwal and summoned his own barber and had himself shaven clean like the others.

In a little while he was sent for by the Dewan on official business, and was in his turn asked why he had put himself in such deep mourning. 'Haven't you heard then that Sobha is dead?' replied the kotwal, and 'we shall never see his like again.'

The Dewan, on hearing the sad news, felt that he could do no less than the kotwal and sat to his barber and had himself clean shaven and in this condition repaired to the palace to pay his respects to the Rajah, who was surprised and grieved to see his trusted minister in deep mourning, and, on being informed that the incomparable Sobha was dead, went into mourning at once like the others. But presently when the time came for him to enter the zenana, his little daughter was shocked to see her father in that condition and wanted to know why he had gone into mourning. The Rajah replied 'Alas! my daughter, a great calamity has befallen us, Sobha is dead and we shall never see his like again.'

'Who was Sobha, if you please, father?' inquired the princess.

'Why, now you remind me, I do not know myself, but I will ask my Dewan.'

The Dewan, it appeared, was equally in the dark and had to refer to the kotwal, who was equally at a loss and sent for his servant, and the servant who knew just as little was sent running to the dhobi: 'you told me Sobha was dead when I asked you the reason why you were in mourning, but who was Sobha any way?' asked the servant.

'Why, did you not know that Sobha was the best donkey I ever had, and many a load of soiled linen he has carried for me to the river side.'

Thus it was that the kotwal, the Dewan and the Rajah discovered that they had gone into mourning for a dhobi's donkey, who knew no better than to die.

## Jack and Jill.

(Margaret Hurrell, in the 'Child's Companion.')

One morning a young shrimper found a beautiful sea-gull on the rocks. The poor bird had a broken leg, and was so bruised that it could not fly.

The kind hearted man took it home and

nursed it, and placed it in a large cage in the garden, leaving the door wide open.

Every day the fisherman's wife brought it food, and soon the bird could fly again, but he came to the cage every day for a meal, and one day brought with him his beautiful grey and white wife.

The fisherman used to call them Jack and Jill, and they grew so tame that at last they would take dainty bits out of his hand without any fear.

Gulls are generally very greedy birds, but Jack was quite polite to Jill, and never minded her having the best pieces of meat and fish.

I wish you could see their nest; it is in a very high cliff by the sea, and the great waves are always dancing and dashing up to reach it, but they cannot do so, for the sensible pair have built it out of the reach of all that might harm, including little schoolboys.

## 'A Paper Boat on a Heaving Pool.'

(A Story From Life.)

(Charlotte F. Wilder, in 'Epworth Herald.')

Mary Springer left home and went to the city to become a 'saleslady' in a large department store. There may have been a dozen good reasons why another girl should go out into the wide world alone and unprotected, but I think Mary, who was only fifteen years old and had a good home, could hardly have given herself a real reason, for going to the city.

When we are young we are never certain why we do this or that. When older, and with a disciplined judgment, we stop and ask ourselves why we wish for a certain foolish—evil or wise—good thing. Is it an inherited desire from some foolish or wise ancestor? Was the longing created in childhood? Of one thing we are certain—the deed done today was long ago begun in thought or act.

Whether the reason Mary gave herself for leaving home was a true reason or not, she left home, and when she left there were aching hearts in that Kansas farmhouse on the hill. Her parents knew their daughter was ignorant of the trials and temptations that come to girls who are among strangers, especially to girls in a large city and who are unused to city ways. They knew that the confining duties of a shop-girl would be trying to one accustomed to the free life of a farm-house. They knew that the money she would earn could not give her a comfortable support. The parents were not Christians, and when Mary went to the city she was, to them, launched out into life's heaving pool in a paper boat.

The letters which Mary wrote home were, at first, filled with bright pictures. She

worked near an open door, where the great passing world could see her, and she could see the world. She dressed her hair in style. She had a new hat with a feather. Other girls had more rings and pins than she, but she had several new ones. She had made several new acquaintances, and began to go to the theatres and to concerts with them. The pictures which Mary saw in this world she had entered were evidently more to her taste than those she had seen at the farm home. But perhaps she had not seen the best pictures at her home, for we all see only such things as we are capable of seeing. Jacob, in mature manhood, saw angels when a stone was his pillow. Moses, after forty years of discipline, saw the glory of God at the back side of a desert. Mary often stood by the kitchen door, and in the early morning, with rebellious thoughts, gazed at the green earth, the tiny, fluffy chickens, the row of bright tins. The picture meant a yard to keep clean, chickens to feed, cream to be skimmed, butter to be made, and so many pans to wash. She never raised her eyes to the swaying tree-tops and beyond to the blossoming east. In her new home she saw the jewelry on the girls about her, and coveted for herself a diamond ring that 'cost over a dollar.' At her home she never once looked up to the clouds when they flashed whole mines of precious stones, and where the garnet and the sapphire made the royal amethyst before her very eyes; and often, after a rain, when the sun came down through the emerald of the trees, and every tiny leaf and blade of grass was made brilliant with fire opals and flashing diamonds, Mary never once noticed them.

Mary wrote home about the concerts she attended where she heard jests, brass instruments, and singing. Around her own home, all her life, in the soft stillness of the fragrant morning, the birds had made music which sounded like myriad harps tuned to angelic harmonies, but Mary had never heard these concerts. She had never listened to the mocking-bird as it sang, fairly trembling with joy at the sweetness of its own delirious music. She had never watched the sly movements of the cat-bird when, like a buffoon, it called the cat in all the notes of distress of a suffering kitten, made fun of the robin, teased the redbird, lorded it over the blue-jay, and ended its fun by giving, with all the dignity of a judge, the exquisite strains of its cousin, the mockingbird. No, Mary knew nothing about all this beauty, sweetness, music, fun, at her own home-door, but found what she enjoyed on the stage at a minstrel show.

When Mary was a little girl a farm-laborer worked one season for her father. When he went away he left a large package of books in the farm storehouse. Mary's mother thoughtlessly allowed her child to read these books, thinking reading a certainly safe employment or amusement. The dreadful books were read and re-read by Mary, and the leaven worked in her soul.

When books are filled with unreal characters, who are sure to dwell, not in homes, but in 'mansions,' 'palaces,' 'castles,' readers of such books soon find it impossible to look at life from any right standpoint. One book made Mary dissatisfied with her name. Two books made her feel that her self-sacrificing, unselfish mother, who was not ashamed of honest toil, was 'common-place.' The third book showed what a failure her father must be because he had not discovered the 'hidden box,' which contained papers that made him heir to a kingdom!

Before Mary was seventeen she sent home an 'announcement,' resembling a Thanksgiving proclamation, that she was married. She wrote that her husband, 'Prof. Augustus Fitz Harman, had sold medicines and become very rich. That now he was not obliged to work, but, just to keep busy, was agent for a firm in New York.' They boarded at a 'swell hotel.' Her husband was very genteel, and wore 'swell clothes.' He had to be away from home quite a little; but as she remained a saleslady she did not get lonely. Her new gowns were elegant. Augustus bought whole bolts of fine silk goods, which she kept in her trunks, and should have them made up when they went to their beautiful mansion in New York. She had such good times going to ride on Sunday behind fast horses, and the theatre was a constant source of pleasure. The only drawback to her happiness was that Augustus had soon to go to another state for his firm, and be gone several weeks.

After a time the parents had a letter that Augustus had come back from one of his trips into another state under the care of the sheriff. Poor Mary! The man she thought she had married was a thief, gambler, burglar, scoundrel, and had two or three wives he had pretended to marry living in other parts of the country. She did not even know what was his real name.

Mary awoke to her own folly. She had 'married' a man of whose past life and of whose family she was ignorant. She lost her own reputation and her position as 'saleslady.' She did the one sensible thing left for her to do—went home to her parents.

Mary's health failed. Every care and aid was given which medical skill could devise, but all in vain. The girl, not twenty years of age, cried out in agony over her foolish, useless, wasted life; but it could not be lived over again.

## What Will Make You Glad.

When the years have slipped by and memory runs back over the path you have come, you will be glad you stopped to speak to every friend you met, and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts because you did so.

And you will be glad that you were happy when doing the small everyday things of life, that you served the best you could in earth's lowly round.

You will be glad that men have said all along your way: 'I know I can trust him, he is as true as steel.'

You will be glad there have been some rainy days in your life. Clouds and storms are not the worst things in life. If there were no storms, the fountains would dry up, the sky would be filled with poisonous vapors, and life would cease.

You will be glad that you stopped long enough every day to read carefully, and with a prayer in your heart, some part of God's message to those he loves.

You will be glad that you shut your ears tight against all the evil things men said about one another, and tried the best you could to stay the words, winged with poison. —'Educational Review.'

## Be Courteous Boys.

'I treat him as well as he treats me,' said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had just gone home.

'I often go in there, and he doesn't notice me,' said Hal again.

'Do you enjoy that?'

'Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay long.'

'I should call myself a very selfish person, if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them.'

'Well, that's different; you're grown up.'

'Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys!'

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke: 'A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature.' And very earnestly the father added: 'Remember this, my boy—you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down.'—'Pacific Christian Advocate.'

## A Surgeon's Message.

The eminent surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, who operated on the King some time ago when he was ill, was once asked by the editor of a paper for boys to send the boys a message.

'This is my message to you, boys,' said Sir Frederick:

'Don't bother about genius, and don't worry about being clever. Trust rather to hard work, perseverance, and determination. The best motto for a long march is, "Don't grumble. Plug on." You hold your future in your own hands. Never waver in this belief. Don't swagger. The boy who swaggers, like the man who swaggers, has little else that he can do. He is a cheap jack crying his own paltry wares. It is the empty tin that rattles most. Be honest, be loyal, be kind. Remember that the hardest thing to acquire is the faculty of being unselfish. As a quality it is one of the finest attributes of manliness. Love the sea, the ringing beach, and the open downs. Keep clean body and mind.'

## The 'Goodman's Croft.'

The 'British Weekly' tells of a custom which was in vogue among British farmers two hundred and fifty years ago. Many of them were in the habit of setting aside a part of their land, oftentimes of their best land, for the use of the devil. They called it the 'Goodman's Croft.' They meant the devil's croft, but they were afraid to name it thus plainly. Possibly they fancied that he would appreciate being called 'good man.' In this croft nothing grew but briars and thorns and weeds. But the seeds of the weeds did not confine themselves to this croft. The seeds went everywhere. In our fields we no longer set aside a devil's croft. But how about our lives? Do we sometimes hand over some part of a day to the development of briars and thorns and weeds? And does it promote our permanent happiness?

## St. Valentine.

The February issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial' will be a kind of Valentine Number. St. Valentine's day comes on the 14th of February every year, but in Leap Year the day never passes without something happening that rejoices Master Cupid. This number will possibly set forces in motion in the right direction.

The cover has been specially designed for the 'Canadian Pictorial' by the well-known Canadian artist, Mr. D. P. McMillan, and represents a young girl in maiden meditation with a valentine in her hand and the bewitcheries of Cupid hovering over her. Other valentine features will be found of interest.

The February issue also contains the life story of Florence Nightingale, who has just been decorated by the King with the order of merit. She is the first woman to receive it. There are sporting scenes, winter views and news pictures of events in various parts of the world in which Canadians are interested. Among the features will be a collection of portraits of the presidents of the Canadian Clubs that have now spread to almost every town in Canada. The usual departments will be of remarkable interest this month.

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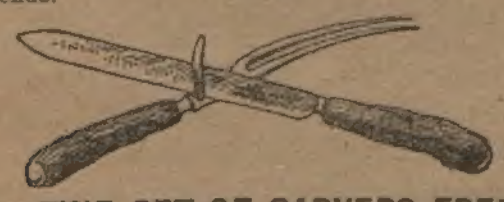

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# LITTLE FOLKS

## The Toads of Hoppiti-High Land.

(By Joshua F. Crowell.)

Doady Toad was a little fat fellow, and wore a coat of brown and yellow. He had beautiful eyes of the largest size, and he looked exceedingly wise.

He sat very still in Hoppiti-High, on the reddish sand so hot and dry, and anxiously he watched the sky. He cried, 'I wish it would rain!'

Just then a drop came down and hit the top of Doady's head. He tipped his nose and sniffed the air, and called out gaily, 'It's going to rain! It's going to rain!'

All the toads of Hoppiti-High, little or big, heard what Doady Toad had said, and came tumbling up and scrambling out of their beds of sand to be on hand. And none too soon, for the shower came down in big, hard drops, and wet the hot, dry sand, and cooled it, too, and washed the dusty trees and watered the thirsty grass and flowers.

All the toads of Hoppiti-High forgot they ever had been dry—they were now so wet and happy. Under the dripping willow-tree, in the nice wet grass, the little toads played games. First they played leap-frog, only they called it 'leap-toad.' Then they played hop-scotch, or Hoppiti-High Scotch, whichever you choose.

Doady was very good at games. He could jump as high as any one in Hoppiti-High, and he could wiggle his toes in the dirt and quickly dig a hole in which to hide, so that when they played the game of hide-and-seek, Doady was always hidden first.

There was one tiny little toadlet named Spotty Dot, who was just learning to play, and he kept close to Doady, and watched him all the time, so as to learn to play well.

All the little toads played happy games in the nice wet grass, and had great fun. There were Thomas Toad and Thaddeus Toad, and Nippy and Tucky, the twins, and Hannah Luella and Deborah Ella, and a lot more.

Every one was as happy as she or he could be, and Doady's little cousin, Juella Tree Toad, perched herself in the willow-tree, and was so full of merry glee that she squealed a song at the top of her voice, 'Zee! zee! zee!'

The rain soon stopped. Suddenly, in the midst of the fun and frolic, a fearful, clattering monster called a lawn-mower crushed through the grass and rushed into the midst of

## A Mischievous Puppy.

Puppies are almost always up to some mischief, and require constant watching, and very often severe correction for their evil deeds. They gnaw and destroy anything they can get hold of with their sharp new teeth, they are so full of spirits and boisterous gambols, that they are scarcely peaceable inside the house, while out of doors they will do much mischief to plants and flower-beds, to say nothing of chasing chickens, worrying cats, frightening timid sheep, biting at the heels of horses and the tails of angry cows.

The puppy in our picture is one of these juvenile lovers of mischief, he has just discovered a brood of ducklings, which the careful mother thought she had safely concealed under an elder-bush, and among the thick rank weeds beside the river's bank, while she herself went in search of food. When he has attacked them before she has bravely defended her offspring, and made the naughty puppy feel her sharp beak, even through his thick hairy coat. Now they are defenceless; their only safety is in flight; fortunately the water is near at hand, and thither they betake themselves, while their enemy, not yet bold enough to venture in after them, stands barking at them on the bank.—J.F.C., in 'Chatterbox.'

the picnic. All the toads jumped every which way for their lives, and some of them got nearly caught in the knives.

But Doady Toad took Spotty Dot, and hopped away to another lot.

They came to a place where the grass was high, under a fence. 'Come,' said Doady to Spotty, 'take a good long jump.'

Spotty was tired, but he did his best. He held Doady firmly by the arm, and together they gave a fine long jump. Down, down, they fell into the ground, far out of sight. Doady looked round, and said, 'Well, this is an empty post hole, and if no one comes to get us out, we'll be right here next year.'

Doady tried to jump out of the post-hole, but his highest hop was only half-way to the top. 'It's no use,' he said. 'We must make the best of it. Perhaps supper will come.' It did. A bungling bug suddenly dropped, but before it reached the bottom of the hole Doady opened his mouth and shut it. That was all. The bug was gone! Then one fell for Spotty. More came—and went.

Night came on, and Spotty cuddled down close to Doady, but neither was sleepy. They could not be. If little boys and girls were toads, they would never be sleepy at night. After they had waited a while, Spotty said, 'Doady, it's tiresome doing nothing. Please tell me a story about your polly wog days.'

At that moment they heard a queer sound, as of some one digging near at hand, and presently Mrs. Chloe Mole walked into the hole.

'Well,' said she, 'you're caught, I see. I cannot wait to know your fate.'

She put her head against the sand, and scooped a bit with either hand. And in a minute she was gone, and the little toads were left forlorn.

'I suppose she is very busy,' said Doady, 'and has a great many mole-hills to make before morning.'

Dawn came at last, and at the very first ray of light the two little fellows heard a sound of 'Zee! zee! zee! Oh, Zee-e-e-e-e!' 'It's Juella in a tree!' cried Doady. Then he called in his loudest voice, 'Juella, please go to Hoppiti-High and ask all the toads to come and get us out!'

And Juella went as she was sent. Presently she returned, and with her came Thomas Toad and Thaddeus Toad, and Nippy and Tucky, the twins, and Hannah Luella and Deborah Ella. They all stood round and made remarks.

Nippy and Tucky, although they were two, could not think of a thing to do. Said Hannah Luella, 'It's worse than a cellar.' And Deborah Ella echoed Hannah Luella.

Presently the toads of Hoppiti-High heard Juella give a cry. They all looked scared and ran away, for the farmer was coming to plant his post, and that meant for them to clear the coast.

But the farmer was a kind man, and he knew that little toads sometimes fall into post-holes; so before he planted the post he looked into the hole, saw Doady and Spotty trembling at the bottom, and politely lifted them out.

'That is the very best farmer I ever knew,' said Spotty, as they hopped away to Hoppiti-High. 'I wish we could eat all the bugs on his crop.' Doady was doubtful, but he replied, as he hopped gaily away, 'We will try.'

## 'Things That S'prise You.'

There's lots o' things that s'prise you
When you're little, just like I;
When you bump your head they tell you
'O, you're too big to cry!'
But when there's pie for dinner,
And you want another bite,
The big folks say: 'O no, indeed;
You are too little, quite!'

Then when there's company, you know,
They wash you up so clean,
And tell you little bits o' folks
Must not be heard, but seen.
But next think that you know about
You hear 'em say: 'Now, dear,
Stand up and say your little piece
For Mrs. Smith to hear.'

That's just the way things s'prise you
When you're little just like I;
But I s'pose you'll understand 'em
When you're older, by and by.

—'M. C. Advocate.'

## Days and Nights.

If days were only twice as long,
'Twould be a splendid thing!
'Cause, don't you know, 'fore you're quite dressed
The breakfast bell will ring;
And then it's time to go to school;
And then run home at noon,
And back to school; and four o'clock
'Most always comes real soon;
And then you just begin to play,
And then it's time for tea;
And then, in such a little while,
Your bedtime comes you see!
If nights were only twice as long
'Twould be a splendid thing!
'Cause, don't you know, when you're tucked up,
Sometimes your mother'll sing;
And first you lie and watch the stars,
Or maybe there's a moon;
And then you get all nice and warm
And sleepy pretty soon;
And then, perhaps, you shut your eyes;
And then your mother'll say,
'Have I a little boy that means
To lie in bed all day?'

## Building Blocks.

(By Rose Mill Powers, in the 'Pilgrim.')

When Bobby has the building blocks,
A battery he rears,
And then such thundering cannon shocks
And firing as one hears!
The dollies shiver in their socks
When Bobby has the building blocks.

When Barbara has the blocks, we know
A bake-shop we shall see,
With bun and biscuit, row on row;
The dollies all must be
In apron clad and kitchen frocks
When Barbara has the building blocks.

When Benny has the blocks, be sure
He'll play at engineer,
With railroad trains in miniature;
The dollies all appear
As tourists now, with bag and box,
When Benny has the building blocks.

When Baby Betty has the blocks,
A bed we always spy.
Away with cannons, cups, and crocks,
And choo-choo cars—'By-by,'
Her darlings all to sleep she rocks
When Baby Betty has the blocks.

# HOUSEHOLD.

## Love and Judgment.

'I think Mrs. Hillis is the coldest mother I ever saw!' and there was considerable indignation in the way Mrs. Kerr expressed herself, and much more implied by the hugging and kissing she bestowed upon her two-year-old boy.

'Why, I have been of the opinion,' Mrs. Ames replied, 'that she was making an unusually lovely mother, for one so young.

'And so she is, in many ways,' the other admitted. 'But when I was over there a few minutes ago, that dear little fellow of hers came to her side and reached up his arms to be taken. And what did she do? Just reached her head down coolly and kissed him, saying, "Mamma cannot take you now. Run away and play with your blocks." Why! I could no more have resisted those little arms than nothing in the world. That's why I caught up Roger and gave him such a hugging when I came in, and said what I did.'

'Did Mrs. Hillis' baby seem satisfied with his treatment?' the visitor asked, with a good deal of interest.

'Yes, he seemed to be contented to go back to his play. He's a dear little fellow, anyway. I told her she need never expect to have another child as good as he is.'

Meantime, Roger had been climbing all over his mother's lap and up on her shoulder. His hand was over her mouth half of the time trying to keep her from talking to her caller and attract attention to himself, while he insistently asked for a cookie or piece of bread. By the time Mrs. Ames arose to take leave, Mrs. Kerr was tired out and remarked:

'Dear me, I shall be glad when Roger is old enough to teach how to behave himself. I'm going to begin when he is three.'

Fifteen months later, Mrs. Ames was calling on her friends. She had been enjoying a conversation with Mrs. Hillis for some ten minutes, when she heard the sound of small feet, and Wade, not quite three years old, came quietly into the room and sidled up to his mother.

'I fink it's 'portant,' he said, soberly, in a low tone.

His mother turned to see a finger held toward her, from which the blood was trickling. Mrs. Ames saw the instant flush of anxiety as she caught the little hand in hers, but noticed that it was followed by an effort at self-control as she saw that the finger had merely been pricked by a splinter.

'Yes dear, this is important,' she replied, kissing the finger. Then she excused herself while looking up a bandage for the wounded member. When it was wrapped up, another kiss was bestowed, and the little fellow went to his play.

'What did he mean by saying it was important?' Mrs. Ames asked, curiously.

'Why, I teach him not to interrupt me when I have callers, unless it is for something important. You see, he understands. Of course, the scratch amounts to nothing, but it was really important to him.'

Mrs. Ames next called on Mrs. Kerr. Roger was in the rear of the house when he heard the bell ring, and by the time the visitor was admitted he had raced through the rooms and reached the front hallway. As soon as his mother was seated he brought a broken waggon to her and demanded its repair. She interrupted her conversation to give him instructions in behavior, and finally she got him to put away the toy. Then he insisted on being taken in her lap, and to keep him quiet so she could converse this was done. He sat still for a few seconds only, then put his hand over his mother's mouth so she would listen to what he had to say. Mrs. Kerr was mortified, excused herself to take him out of the room for correction, and apologized when she returned.

'I don't know what is the reason,' she said, in perplexity, 'but I seem to be making a failure with Roger. He is no trouble at all when we are alone, and is as mannerly as need be, but the moment I have a caller he just goes wild and acts as if I never tried to teach him anything. He is a little past three now, and certainly I have begun young enough. Don't you think so.'

'Well,' Mrs. Ames replied, guardedly, 'when a child as bright as Roger receives much attention, as a baby, in the presence of visitors, he will continue to expect it. One's love must be tempered by judgment.'—Milford W. Foshay, in the 'Presbyterian.'

## Lesson in Cookery.

Soup—Haricoct Mutton—Apple Fritters—Souffles.

The first dish prepared was Mulligatawnay soup. The sound of this name caused some consternation in the class, and numbers looked helplessly around to see if any one could spell it. Some few guessed at it and others copied from them, and they all proceeded calmly to take down the receipt, which was not half so difficult as the name would lead one to suppose. There was required for this soup two large carrots, one turnip, three onions, two ounces lean ham, one ounce of clarified fat, a tablespoonful each of curry powder and curry paste, two apples and a quarter pound of rice, or two tablespoons flour. Mrs. Courtney first cut all the vegetables and ham in small dice and fried them in the saucepan for fifteen minutes in the two ounces of clarified fat, then poured over them two quarts of stock and added the two apples peeled and chopped small. She then mixed in a basin the curry powder, flour and curry paste with a half pint of cold water, and stirred it in with the stock and vegetables. When all the vegetables were thoroughly cooked the whole was to be passed through a wire sieve. This she left boiling, seeing that all scum was removed as it rose, and proceeded to make a dish of

Haricot Mutton.

For this she took two pounds of the best end of a neck of mutton, cut it into chops and trimmed away all the ragged edges. She then peeled and sliced an onion and fried it brown in two ounces of clarified fat. Here Mrs. Courtney warned the class that onions to be fried should always be put into boiling fat, as there was so much water in them that they would not brown otherwise. As soon as the onion was a nice brown, she took it out and then laid in the chops and let them fry a pale brown. While the chops were frying she cut a carrot and turnip into small round shapes with a cutter. When the chops were fried, the fat was all drained off and the fried onion returned to the pot with one pint of stock. She then mixed a tablespoonful of cornflour, a dessert spoonful each of Worcester and Harvey sauce, and a little caramel, to give the sauce a nice brown color, with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and stirred it into the pot, and let all simmer gently for about an hour, carefully removing all scum. The time, she said, should be varied according to the age of the mutton. The carrots she put in at once, but the turnips did not require to cook so long, and were not put in until twenty minutes before serving. When done, the meat was placed in a circle on a platter, with the gravy strained around and over it, and the vegetables heaped in the centre. The last dish made at this lesson was

Apple Fritters.

Four ounces of flour was put in a round bottomed basin with a little salt, and mixed with one gill of tepid water, in which had been put two tablespoonfuls of salad oil. This, Mrs. Courtney said, she would use at once, but if one were not pressed for time it would be better to let it stand for an hour. Just before using she added carefully the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, with a pinch of salt. The apples were then

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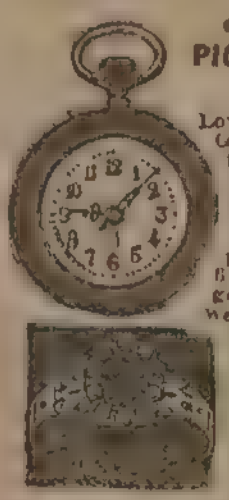
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pared, the core being removed with an apple corer, and cut in slices about a quarter of an inch thick. These were dipped in the batter and fried in boiling fat. The same fat, as mentioned in another lesson, may be used a long time if it is strained after each time of using, and this fat was what was used last week for frying some chicken croquets.

The afternoon lesson was devoted to souffles, the first prepared being a

Steamed Vanilla Souffle.

For this, one ounce each of butter and the best flour was melted together, and cooked for two minutes; then the saucepan was taken from the fire and the yolks of three eggs added, one by one, together with one ounce of white sugar. The whites of four eggs were then put on a plate, and beaten to a stiff froth, and carefully added to the mixture. Here Mrs. Courtney showed a very nice test for beating the whites of eggs. They should be beaten until stiff enough to bear the weight of another egg. So much, she said, in souffles, depended on the beating of the eggs and in the steaming, that great care was required. For souffles one more white than yolk was required, and the whites must always be stirred in very carefully. A tin mould was well buttered, and buttered paper tied around it, projecting about the depth of the mould above the edge, and the mixture poured in. The mould was set in boiling water just deep enough to come half way up the mould, and simmered for half an hour. If this were baked instead of steamed it would only take twenty minutes to cook. A baked souffle should not be turned out, but sent to table in the mould in which it was baked.

A Sauce for this Souffle

was made of an ounce of white sugar, a gill of water and a tablespoonful of raspberry jam melted together in a saucepan, boiled a few minutes, and flavored with a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and colored with a little cochineal. A number of souffles were made in very much the same way as the foregoing, but with different flavorings, from which they too their name.—Selected.

## How to Eat Correctly.

In an article on the 'Growth of Fletcherism,' in the 'World's Work,' Isaac F, Marcosson gives Horace Fletcher's following rules for eating, which are given to all patients of the Harvard Dental School Dispensary:

1. Eat only in response to an actual appetite, which will be satisfied with plain bread and butter.

2. Chew all solid food until it is liquid and practically swallows itself.

3. Sip and taste all liquids that have taste, such as soups and lemonade. Water has no taste and can be swallowed immediately.

4. Never take food while angry or worried, and only when calm. Waiting for the mood in connection with the appetite is a speedy cure for both anger and worry.

5. Remember and practice these four rules, and your teeth and health will be fine.


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## Making Over.

When there is a large family, and the weekly earnings are small, much economy has to be used to make both ends meet, and the garments worn by the parents have to be cut down and made up for the children.

It will sometimes happen that not even one child's combination, or a couple of little first shirts, can be made out of a shirt that has belonged to the father, because it has become so thin from wearing and being washed. In this case, cut out the best portions, lay them aside, and wait until another shirt can be spared, then some serviceable little garments can be made up.

Do not destroy the thin parts that seem of no service. After the garment has been washed, all the thin parts should be cut up very fine, and used to stuff pillows. I once saw a beautiful little cot mattress made entirely of such small pieces.

The children of the household are generally much pleased with this work of cutting up fragments, and it keeps them quiet for some time.

Let me impress upon all others the necessity of ripping the garment stitch by stitch. It should not be cut off at the band or ripped up at the seams, as very often every bit of material is needed for the new garment. After the ripping is done, the pieces should be well washed and hung out to dry. If colored the material should be hung in the shade, or it will fade.

Next, it must be ironed while still damp, and until every crease has disappeared.

A good paper pattern is the next thing required; it is always best to use one that has been tried and proved to be good.

If the material needs joining, let this be done neatly before placing the pattern on it, and press it with a hot iron to make it flat. All these little details may sound tiresome, but if my advice is taken, I am sure mothers will be fully repaid for their trouble when they find what nice useful garments they can make out of what idle and thriftless people would destroy, or put in the rag-bag. It is just the attention to all these little things which makes the difference between comfort and misery. Some people can have a neat respectable home, and a little money in the savings bank, for a rainy day, while others, whose wives do not take the trouble to mend and make the children's clothes, may be always in difficulties.

Not long ago I saw a beautiful little sailor blouse, which had been made out of a pair of trousers belonging to an elder brother. The mother told me that the knees were worn through and the bottoms were frayed out, and still, by 'planning and contriving,' as she termed it, and by the use of a good paper pattern, she was able to make her youngest son (aged three) a warm and useful blouse.

Always tack the pattern firmly on the material before attempting to cut out the garment.—'Trained Motherhood.'

## He Was so Busy.

One year ago to-day I sat at my desk busy with the month's bills and accounts, when a bright-faced, starry-eyed lad of twelve rushed in and impetuously announced, 'Say, pa, this is your birthday; you are fifty-five years old, and I am going to give you fifty-five kisses, one for each year.' And he began to make good his word when I exclaimed, 'O Andrew, don't do it now, I am so busy!' His silence attracted my attention, and, looking up, I saw his big eyes filled with tears, and apologetically said, 'You can finish to-morrow.' He made no reply, but was unable to conceal his disappointment, his face wearing a grieved expression as he quietly walked away.

The same evening I said, 'Come and finish the kisses now, Andrew,' but he did not respond to the invitation.

Two months later, in consequence of an accident, the waves of the Fox River closed over his body, and we carried him away to sleep near the village where he loved to spend his summer vacations. The robin's note was never sweeter than his voice, and the turtle-doves that coo to their nestlings where he sleeps could not be more gentle than my little boy who never finished his love-imposed task.

If I could build a ladder to the skies and find him there; if I could only tell him how much I regret the thoughtless word spoken; if I could be assured that he understands and knows how my heart is aching because of the unkind request, there would be no man in all this wide world so inexpressibly happy as the one who sits to-day and thinks now he prevented an act that love inspired, and grieved a little heart as tender as the mercy of God.

'And, be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted.'—A. M. Bruner, in 'Northwestern.'

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'But, doctor—' began the bewildered patient.

'Go home and read your Bible an hour a day,' the great man reiterated, with kindly authority, 'then come back to me a month from to-day.' And he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first the patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that at least the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certainly had been long since she had read the Bible regularly. Worldly cares had crowded out prayer and Bible study for years, and though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself conscientiously to try the remedy.

In one month she went back to his office.

'Well,' he said, smiling, as he looked at her face, 'I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you needed any medicine now?'

'No, doctor, I don't,' she said honestly; 'I feel like a different person; but how did you know that was just what I needed?'

For answer the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible. 'Madam,' he said, with deep earnestness, 'if I were to omit my daily reading of this Book I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation without reading my Bible. I never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure.'

'Yet, I confess, doctor,' said the patient, 'that I came very near not taking it.'

'Very few are willing to take it, I find,' said the physician, smiling again. 'But there are many, many cases in my practice where it would work wonders if they would only take it.'

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